

COZY NOOKS AND CORNERS.

Little Retreats Where One May Enjoy Quiet Moments.

Cosiness in the decoration and arrangement of our homes, says Laura B. Starr in the *Decorative Furnisher*, is the one condition we are all striving to attain at the present moment. No more the long, spacious parlors, no more the large chambers, and the larger sitting and living rooms. Everything must be "cozy and homely" now. To this end, as we cannot all rebuild our houses, we break the long spaces by the liberal use of screens and portieres, and make of vacant corners the most tempting, cozy nooks imaginable.

The idea is a pleasing one, and it is to be hoped that it will not prove a mere passing fancy. One of the simplest of these arrangements, and one which an ingenious woman may accomplish without help from the carpenter, consists of two large cushions stuffed with excelsior; they should be from a yard and a quarter to two yards square, and at least a foot and a half thick. They should be stuffed very full and hard; the bottom of the lower one should be covered with a piece of oilcloth to protect it from wear and tear. Blue denim may be used for covering, or any handsome upholstery goods that matches or harmonizes with the general tone of the room. When finished, they will fit into any vacant corner, the special advantage of these being that they are easily moved about. Three or four down or feather pillows, covered with bright-colored China silk, arranged against the wall will make a very comfortable lounging place.

A canopy of long, hanging drapery may be arranged, if desired, but usually these are not covered, although a Japanese umbrella raised over one gives a good effect. These large cushions are especially useful in a chamber not provided with a lounge of some sort; many a tired body would be stretched out for a little rest during the day were it not for the trouble of taking off the shams and undressing the bed. In this cozy nook one may find rest without extra work.

Still another way to bring about the same effect is to have a three-cornered shelf built about a foot from the floor, put a full valance around this and a large cushion upon it, and the thing is finished. The space underneath will be found useful for storing boots and shoes, etc.



A COZY NOOK.

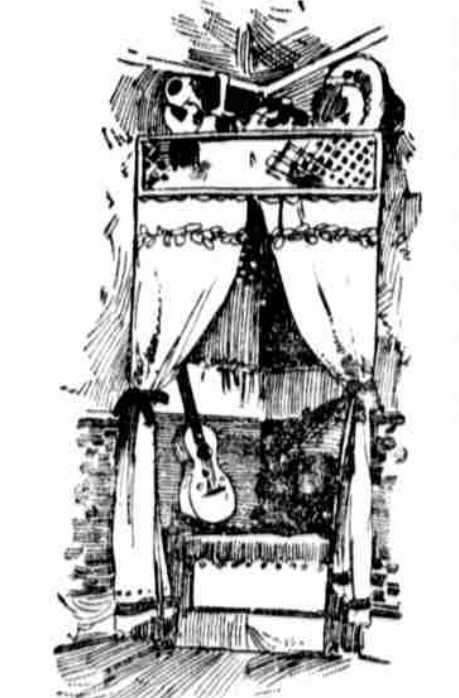
A more pretentious corner, though not so large, was arranged in a room which had a dado of Japanese matting. A triangular box about the height of an ordinary chair was made to fit and fastened there securely. The hinges should be put on the front, or the lid will not open well. The box made a convenient receptacle for newspapers, work basket, slippers, or any of the necessary details of daily use, which is sometimes unsightly. A cushion was made to fit the top, and covered with furniture plush; a piece of the same was tacked on smoothly across the front. Another straight piece was fastened to the wall behind the seat to the height of the dado. Above this was stretched a piece of Chinese storm coat—plain matting will do as well—upon which was painted the following lines:

Oh, for a book
And a shady nook
Either in a door or out.

On a line with the bottom of the frieze was a three-cornered shelf; below this was a foot and a half of lattice made of reed sticks. On a line with the lower edge of the lattice was stretched a small brass rod, from which hung soft silken curtains. On the shelf were jars of Mexican pottery and other large bric-a-brac that could stand the height. A small bracket set in the corner, and here was placed a small lamp with rose colored shade which tempered the light to the tired eyes.

A square nook may be arranged by placing a curtain pole four foot long securely against the wall, at right angles with it; a long brace is necessary for this. A bagdad curtain or handsome piece of drapery is thrown over this and allowed to hang in careless folds. A permanent seat may be arranged like the one just described, but a very good one may be improvised by using one of the old fashioned teat-tables and adjusting half a dozen pillows thereon. This sort of a corner will be found very useful and tasteful for evening parties where only temporary arrangements are desired.

A very jolly corner, seen in a New York studio, had a canopy of sailcloth, with fish net drapery. A dais, five or six feet square, was built in the corner. This was covered with plain drugget, with a handsome rug stretched



A COZY CORNER.

through the center. Dozens of pillows and small cushions filled the space and made it look restful and repose-inviting. A solemn owl perched on the ridge pole and kept guard over the unconscious sleeper.

A long, narrow room may be divided and improved in appearance by building a dais a foot high across one end and carpeting it like the floor. A low table with picture, a work basket, small table, two or three large cushions strewn about, will make this end of the room a favorite lounging place for the whole family.

THE OLD MUSIC BOOK.

There with silent reverence
The old music book I lay;
Its dusty lines I traced a sense
Of something heard before,
In days long past, in other lands
Of ancient melodies;
Old lullabies, and gentle songs
That touched the ivory keys.

The book a hundred fancies weaves
On every yellow page,
Sonatas quaint, forgotten airs,
The notes all dim with age,
And variations long worn out,
And faded songs and old,
With trills and turnings all about,
And graces manifold.

Porchance in those old tye-dye days
My lady sat and played
In brooded stomacher of maize,
And flowered blue brocade,
Her lissome fingers dancing ran,
Through many a florid strain,
Until Miss Bell behind her fan
Begged "that sweet piece again."

Porchance when summer nights were long,
And soft winds swept the meadows,
Some amorous youth poured out this song
To Chloe through the shadows,
Of beaus and belles of higher state,
In some well lit pavilion,
Trod gracefully through this mist,
Or figured this cotillon.

So vagrant fancies through the mind
Play fitful now and then,
As, with a smile and sigh combined,
I close the book again.
I dare not touch its music old
In this rude modern day,
Hallowed by fingers long since cold,
And voices passed away.

—Globe-Democrat.

Charles Lamb's Writings.

The writings of Charles Lamb are an excellent illustration of the value of reserve in literature. Below his quiet, his quaintness, his humor and what may seem the slightness, the occasional or accidental character of his work, there lies, as in his life, a genuinely tragic element. The gloom reflected at its darkest in those hard shadows of "Rosamund Gray" is always there, though not always realized either for himself or his readers, and restrained always in utterance. It gives to those lighter matters on the surface of life and literature among which he for the most part moved a wonderful force of expression, as if at any moment these slight words and fancies might pierce very far into the deeper soul of things.

In his writing, as in his life, that quiet is not the low flying of one from the first drowsy by choice, and needing the prick of some strong passion or worldly ambition to stimulate him into all the energy of which he is capable, but rather the reaction of nature after an escape from fate, dark and insane as in old Greek tragedy, following upon which the sense of mere relief becomes a kind of passion, as with one who, having narrowly escaped earthquake or shipwreck, finds a thing for grateful tears in just sitting quiet at home, under the wall, till the end of days.—Walter Pater.

Consulting the Stars.

It is strange that many persons yet confound astronomy with astrology, a result of the undue importance which personal and private interests have over scientific principles in the thoughts of many persons. Not many weeks ago we received a letter from a subscriber who wished to be informed where he could find a text book of astrology.

It is said that the astronomer royal, who has charge of Greenwich observatory, frequently receives letters asking what his terms are for drawing a horoscope! The writers of these letters often promise to make known, if necessary, the true day and hour of their birth. Such incidents call to mind a story told of Herschel, the astronomer.

During a very rainy season a farmer in his neighborhood came to ask his opinion, or rather the opinion of the stars, as to the day that would best suit for making his hay without any fear of losing it by showers.

The great astronomer led the man to a window and pointed with his finger to a meadow where the grass had been mowed and was rotting in the wet.

"You see that field," said he. "Well, it is mine. Isn't that enough to show you that as regards rain and fine weather I am not a bit more of a conjurer than any of my neighbors?"—Youth's Companion.

A Steer in the House.

A drove of Texas cattle were being driven across the railroad tracks near the Martell house. One of the drove, a large steer, became separated from the others and ran down the tracks into the Vandallia yards. Being close pressed by William Little, the driver, the steer mounted the outside stairs of a two story tenement house situated close to the round house, and entered the kitchen and took possession. Mrs. A. O. Hennessy, with her baby in her arms, had just time to escape by a back stairway and save the life of herself and child. The infuriated steer upset the kitchen table, smashed the dishes, broke the chairs and other furniture, and overturned the stove. The driver mounted the stairs and, after some difficulty, managed to get a ring in the animal's nose, but it broke and was useless. The animal, after having completely wrecked the room, leisurely descended the stairs and was captured.—St. Louis Republic.

Coal for the West Indies.

The import of coal from the United States to the port of Havana during 1888 is stated to have amounted to 97,547 tons, as against 53,255 tons in 1887, and that from Great Britain to 50,378 as against 71,413 tons. Thus the American import exceeded the average of the last ten years, which is calculated at about 66,000 tons, while the import from Great Britain fell far short of its average of 80,000 tons. That a further alteration in the relative proportions of the coal imports may take place is not improbable. American speculators are arranging for large shipments of coal from the Alabama mines to Cuba, and other West Indian islands. Still this enterprise prove successful, its effect on British trade would be in unfavorable, as it would obviously be difficult for British exporters to compete with Americans in the matter of freights.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

LITTLE STORIES OF ANIMALS.

A Greedy Horse—The End of an Exasperating Mule—A Bull's Vengeance.

A Scranton man owned a lank bay horse that stood nearly nineteen hands high. The long legged animal devoured great quantities of food, and after the Scranton man had made several unsuccessful efforts to sell him or trade him off, he got a Waverly farmer to winter the horse at a stated price. In the course of six weeks the voracious horse had devoured a whole stack of hay, and the Waverly man became frantic. He straightway came to Scranton and told the owner of the horse that the greedy beast would ruin him financially before spring, and he begged the man to take the horse away at once, agreeing to take \$5 a ton for all the hay the horse had eaten and say no more about it. There was a good deal of the milk of human kindness in the owner of the horse, and he made the discouraged farmer feel happy by removing the horse the next day.

The bay nag was an elephant on the Scranton man's hands for a while, but eventually he traded it off for a pair of mare mules that he didn't know anything about. One of the mules proved to be a very gentle and docile creature, while the other soon convinced her owner that she had been fooled and raised right in the center of the village of Kickerville, as he expressed it. The man quickly concluded that it wouldn't do to keep the mules together, and so he sold the gentle mule for \$175. The bad mule, whose name was Jen, was as big as an elephant on his hands as the tall horse had been, and how to dispose of her honorably racked his brain for months, he said.

Jen was sleek and handsome, but she would kick everything to pieces that was hitched to her. In the stall she was as gentle as a kitten until some one undertook to throw a harness over her back. Then her feet flew, and the harness and the man who tried to put it on her didn't stay there long. Jen would let any one ride her, either. Several smart young men tried to get on her back in the stall, but Jen's hind feet flew so fast and furiously, and her rump bobbed up at such a rapid rate, that the young men were glad to go to another part of the stable and reflect for a while.

Along in the summer an unusually active young chap offered to let Jen's owner that he could ride the mule five blocks on one of the business avenues. "I'll bet you \$5 you can't," the man told the spry fellow, and the money was put up at once. All that the young man wanted on Jen when he rode her was a blind bridle and a surcingle, and pretty soon Jen was led out on the street in sight of a crowd that didn't get very near her heels. The athletic chap seized the bridle reins in his left hand, grasped the surcingle on Jen's back with his right, and spoke kindly to the mule.

Jen was standing still then, but the expression in her moving ears, her owner said, told him as plainly as words that the old Harry would soon be to pay. With a spring the young man leaped to Jen's back, and at the same instant Jen's hind legs began to play like drum sticks, while her head went down, and the athlete was astride of her neck. Between kicks Jen whirled around a dozen times within a circle of twenty feet, and then made a dash for the open door of a grocery, in front of which a low awning extended over the sidewalk. Her would be rider saw his danger, and grabbed the caves of the awning with both hands, and Jen kited into the grocery and began to eat apples out of a barrel. He was the last person who tried to ride her.

In the fall Jen met a tragic fate on the Delaware and Hudson canal, just below Honesdale. The man who put her on the canal knew all about her habits, and had agreed to pay \$150 for her if he could make her work. He hitched her behind three other mules, and in going less than half a mile Jen threw herself into the canal seventeen times. That exasperated her driver to the highest pitch. The butt of his whip was loaded with lead, and as Jen lay kicking on the ground, he hit her with the loaded butt, crushed her skull and killed her.

A wealthy coal mine operator in the Lackawanna valley owned a 6-year-old Holstein bull that was cross and vicious. Generally the bull was tied with a rope in a yard by himself, but occasionally he was allowed to run loose in a yard with a lot of idle mine mules. The two yards joined, and one day four or five of the mules got in the yard where the bull was tied up and began to eat mischievously around him. The barn keeper saw one of them nip the bull on the flank and cut up other playful capers. The bull didn't like to be played with, but one mule in particular seemed to take delight in teasing him. After a while the old bull got bellowing mad, and the barn keeper drove the mules out and put up the bars.

A few days after that the bull was let loose in the mule yard. He began to nose around a manure heap, apparently as contented as could be, while several of the mules nibbled straw on either side of him. At his right stood the mule that had teased him a few days before. The barn man was watching them. All at once, without a bit of warning, the bull made a vicious lunge at the mule on his right, and thrust one of his horns deep into its left side. The mule died in no time, and when they cut it open they found that the bull's horn had pierced the center of its heart. After that the bull tried to kill two men, and he got to be so dangerous that the owner had him shot.—Scranton (Pa.) Letter in New York Sun.

The refusal of a Detroit street car company to receive coppers from passengers brought out the fact not generally known that one, two, three and five cent pieces are legal tenders up to twenty-five cents, while ten, twenty, twenty-five and fifty cent pieces are legal tenders up to ten dollars.

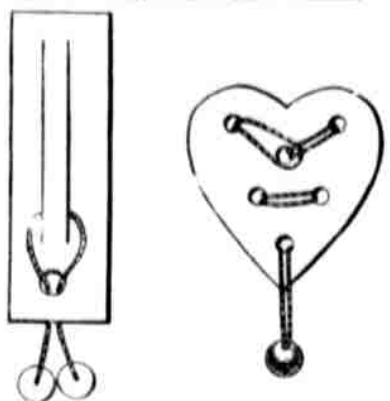
According to the eminent physiologist Sappey, the stomach contains 5,000,000 glands by which the gastric juice is secreted, and a few others which secrete only mucus.



No. 1.—A Palindrome.

Long years ago, the Portuguese,
In me rode over stormy seas,
Held on my course 'mid pirates bold,
Who sought to seize my freight of gold,
Sailed on until I reached the shore
Of India, famed in ancient lore.
Then back I sailed and in the hold
Were richest spices—wealth untold—
Which netted to the captain brave
All riches that his heart could crave.
Now this I'll tell: I saw well my name,
Backward and forward I'm the same—
A palindrome, no more or less,
So use your wits my name to guess.

No. 2.—Button and Ball Puzzles.



In the center of a piece of leather make two parallel cuts with a penknife, and just below a small hole of the same width, then pass a piece of string under the slit and through the hole, as in the figure, and tie two buttons much larger than the hole to the ends of the string. The puzzle is, to get the string out again without taking off the buttons.

To make the ball puzzle, cut a thin piece of wood into the shape of a heart, make six holes in it, as represented in the cut, and provide a thin silken cord, which is to be doubled and the two ends fastened into a small wooden ball. To play the ball on, pass the loop through the hole numbered 6, from face to back, up to 2, through which bring it, and then through 3, 5, 4 and 1 in succession, then through 2 again and down the back to 6; bring it through 6 to the face and pass it over the ball; then draw the loop back again through 6 and 2, and the puzzle (which is to take the ball and string off after being thus fixed) is set. The length of the string should be proportioned to the size of the heart. If the heart is 2 1/2 inches high, the string, when doubled, should be about 9 inches long.

No. 3.—A Word Square.

O	O	O	O	O
O	O	O	O	O
O	O	O	O	O
O	O	O	O	O
O	O	O	O	O

The first row of five represents a word meaning "empty," "void of intelligence." The second row, the post at the foot of the staircase. The third row, "to adjudge," "to determine." The fourth, "to give vigor," "to stimulate." The fifth, an American shrub having broad umbels of white flowers, and dark red berries. The blossoms and berries are used in medicine. It grows wild usually, but is sometimes seen in gardens.

No. 4.—Charade.

"Mother, dear, please say I may
Go down and skate upon the bay."
"My little son, you cannot go
Upon the ice in the bay below.
This very morn did your father say,
Ere to his whole he went away,
"John must keep first the second today!"

No. 5.—Numerical Enigma.

My 4, 1, 9 is small in number.
My 3, 2, 7 is appropriate.
My 6, 5, 10 is a sheltered place.
My 11, 8, 9 is a riotous noise.
My whole is a renowned structure of recent date.

1. What insect would the author of "Thanatopsis" send you? (Thrice behind.)
2. What kind of corn would the author of the "Essay on Man" send? (Curtail.)
3. What would the author of "The Proud Miss MacBride" contribute? (Behold.)
4. Which member of his family would the author of "The May Queen" send to represent him? (Behold five times.)
5. What kind of a boat does the author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" prefer? (Syncope.)

The Magic Dance.

An entertaining magic experiment can be performed by the young folks on clear, cold winter evenings, as it succeeds best when the atmosphere is very dry. The apparatus is simple. Two large books and a pane of glass, say 10 by 12 inches in size, come first. The ends of the glass are put between the leaves of the books, so as to bring the glass about 1 1/2 inches above the top of the table. Then take tissue paper and cut out any figure that fancy may prompt, not to be over 1 inch or 1 1/2 inches in length.

These figures are to be laid upon the table under the glass, and the experiment is ready to be put into practical operation. The next step is to take a silk handkerchief and rub the top of the glass with a quick circular motion. The result is to bring the figures into active life; their antics being amusing beyond description. Be careful not to touch the glass with the hand or finger during the movement of the figures, for it will stop them at once.

Key to the Puzzler.

No. 736.—Letter Puzzles: 1, P; 2, Q; 3, O; 4, D; 5, G; 6, J; 7, R; 8, N; 9, M; 10, L; 11, E; 12, A; 13, T; 14, V; 15, W; 16, F; 17, X; 18, Z; 19, C; 20, Y; 21, H; 22, S; X.
No. 737.—Charade: Round head.
No. 738.—Enigma: Nine.
No. 739.—Illustrated Rebus Education is the best defense of nations.
No. 740.—Anagram: Ungracious.
No. 741.—Crossword Enigma: New York.
No. 742.—Word Squares:
T P I R
A L O N E
P O R E S
I N E R T
R E S T
No. 743.—Contundum: Because it is down in the mouth. When we get near to the milky way. A cross bow. When bound over. When it is a yard arm. By sleeping on "tick." When his pocket has a large hole in it.

ARMOR

ADVENTURES IN FLORIDA.

The Wasted Sarcasm of a Northern Man in the Sunny South.

"I took a trip to Florida for my health," said a lawyer in an uptown cafe last night, as he sat sipping black coffee with a friend. "At one of the hotels one day I met a disgusted northerner, who had invested in some town lots through a glib agent, and had come down to find them."

"What have you got that's fit to eat?" he said to the negro waiter.

"Bacon, sah," said the waiter, "an' hominy, an' sweet potatoes, an' coot pie."

"Coot pie? what's that?" said the stranger.

"Coot pie, sah; don't know what coot pie is, sah! Why, it's pie made of coots."

"Of course I know that, you told," said the northerner, "but what are coots?"

"Coots, sah, very fine game, sah; sumpen like a duck."

"Had it wings?"

"Yes, sah."

"Could it fly?"

"Yes, sah."

"Then don't give me any coot in mine. Anything that had wings and could fly and didn't get out of this blasted country I despise too much even to eat."

"This gentleman, you will easily perceive," continued the lawyer, "had become rather soured, the natural result of investing money in the sand lots of a paper town. The state really has many natural advantages, which are being developed slowly, perhaps, but surely. This man, however, having been deceived, could see nothing good in the country or its people. I came up to Jacksonville on the train with him from the southern part of the state, where we met, and derived not a little fun from his sardonic humor. So did the others on the car."

"At one little station in the woods the train stopped a long time, and we began to look around for diversion. Close by the side of the track, opposite the station house, was a patch of corn—two or three acres—an exceedingly thin and sickly looking crop, the soil being little better than sand. A tall, gaunt boy of about 16 years, dressed from head to foot in red jeans, was lazily hoeing and weeding between the rows."

"Look at that wretched crop," said the northerner. "Dirty seed, no manure, poor soil, baking sun, hoe culture; not even a plow to stir the land deeply, let alone a 'cultivator' to weed it quickly and often. The weeds will have choked the south half of the crop before that lazy fellow gets the north end clear of them."

"Boy," he called, "young fellow! It seems to me your corn is rather small, isn't it?"

"The boy looked at him for a moment, spat reflectively, and replied: 'Yes, mister; pop planted the small kind.'"

"Oh, is that so?" said the questioner, "but it's rather yellow, isn't it?"

"It is, mister," replied the boy. "Pop planted the yaller kind."

"Well, I'll bet you ten to one," said the northerner rather timidly, as some of us tittered at the boy's answers, "that you won't get more than half a crop."

"You're right, mister," drawled the boy, "just half a crop. Pop planted it on shares."

"The train pulled out just then and the car fairly rocked with our laughter for a mile or more."—New York Tribune.

Dr. C. B. Manning, office rooms 66-67-68, Burr block, Telephone 336. Residence Cor. 30th and F. Telephone 330.

The best place in the city of Lincoln to get good board is at Brown's cafe. You have a great variety to select from and the prices are reasonable.

Notice.

To Hattie S. Breze, non-resident defendant: You are hereby notified that on the 25th day of December, 1889, Fred J. Breze filed a petition against you in the district court of Lancaster county, Nebraska, the object and prayer of which are to obtain a divorce from you on the grounds that you have willfully abandoned the said plaintiff, without good cause, for the term of two years last past; and that said defendant was guilty of cruelty towards said plaintiff at divers times, and frequent intoxication. You are required to answer said petition on or before Monday, the 17th day of February, 1890.

FRED J. BREZE, Plaintiff.
By Atkinson & Doty, Attorneys.

Notice of Publication.

In the District Court of Lancaster county, Nebraska.
The Citizens' National Bank of Hillsborough, Ohio, Plaintiff,
vs.
E. L. Johnson and James W. Smith, defendants.

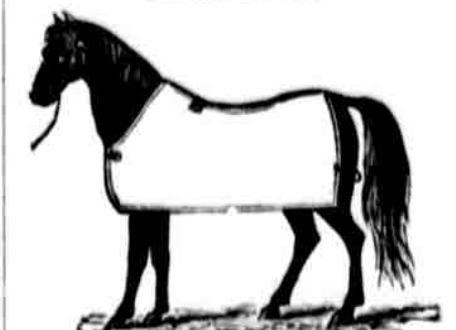
E. L. Johnson (or Edward L. Johnson), and James W. Smith, defendants, will take notice that on the 25th day of December, 1889, the plaintiff herein, filed its petition in the District Court of Lancaster county, Nebraska, against said defendants, the object and prayer of which is to recover the sum of \$8,347.32, with interest thereon from the 1st day of May, 1889, at the rate of 8 per cent. per annum, due on a certain promissory note, duly rendered and entered in the Common Pleas court of Highland county, State of Ohio, having adequate jurisdiction in such cases. Said judgment is for the sum of \$8,347.32, and bears interest at the rate of 8 per cent. per annum. And said plaintiff has duly attached the following pieces and parcels of land as the property of the said defendant, E. L. Johnson, being and situate in the county of Lancaster, state of Nebraska. The said land attached is numbered and described as follows, to-wit:

N. E. quarter, and the north half of the N. W. quarter, and S. E. quarter of N. W. quarter, and east half of S. W. quarter, all in Section Twenty-two, Township 10 N., Range 7, county and state aforesaid.
Also the following: North half of N. E. quarter, and N. E. quarter of N. W. quarter, all in Section Ten, Township 10 N., Range 7, county and state aforesaid.
Also the following: East half of S. W. quarter, and S. E. quarter, all in Section Thirty-four, Township 10 N., Range 7, county and state aforesaid.
Also the following: N. E. quarter, and north half of the S. W. quarter, and west half of S. E. quarter, all in Section Twenty-two, Township 10 N., Range 7, county and state aforesaid.
Also the following: West half of Section Two, Township 10 N., Range 7, county and state aforesaid.

THE CITIZENS' NATIONAL BANK OF HILLSBOROUGH, Ohio, Plaintiff.
By Atkinson & Doty, Attorneys.
Filed Dec. 30, 1889.

DR. ROLAND LORD, Veterinary Surgeon.

Graduate of the Royal Veterinary College, London.



All Diseases of the Domesticated Animals Carefully Treated.

Office, Room 3, Webster Block,
236 South 11th St.,
LINCOLN, NEBRASKA.

Calls Out of the City Attended.

UNPRECEDENTED ATTRACTION! Over A Million Distributed.



Louisiana State Lottery Comp'y.

Incorporated by the Legislature for Educational and Charitable purposes, and its franchise made a part of the present constitution in 1879 by an overwhelming popular vote.

Its MAMMOTH DRAWINGS take place Semi-Annually (June and December), and its Grand Single Number Drawings take place in each of the other ten months of the year, and are all drawn in public, at the Academy of Music, New Orleans, La.

Famed for Twenty Years For Integrity of Its Drawings and Prompt Payment of Prizes.

Attested as Follows:

We, do hereby certify that we supervise the arrangements for all the Monthly and Semi-Annual Drawings of The Louisiana State Lottery Company, and in person manage and control the Drawings themselves, and that the same are conducted with honesty, fairness, and in good faith towards all parties, and we authorize the Company to use this certificate, with fac-similes of our signatures attached, in its advertisements.

Attest: *Ed. G. Gaudet*
St. Emery
Commissioners.

We, the undersigned Banks and Bankers will pay all prizes drawn in the Louisiana State Lottery, which may be presented at our counters.

R. M. WALMSLEY, Pres. Louisiana Nat. Bk.
PIERRE LA SALLE, Pres. State National Bk.
A. BALDWIN, Pres. New Orleans Nat. Bk.
CARL KOHN, Pres. Union National Bank

Grand Monthly Drawing.

At the Academy of Music, New Orleans, Tuesday, February 11, 1890.

Capital Prize, \$300,000.

100,000 Tickets at \$20; Halves \$10; Quarters \$5; Tenths, \$2; Twentieths, \$1.

LIST OF PRIZES.
1 PRIZE OF \$300,000 is \$300,000
1 PRIZE OF \$100,000 is 100,000
1 PRIZE OF \$50,000 is 50,000
1 PRIZE OF \$25,000 is 25,000
2 PRIZES OF \$10,000 are 20,000
2 PRIZES OF \$5,000 are 10,000
2 PRIZES OF \$1,000 are 2,000
100 PRIZES OF \$500 are 50,000
20 PRIZES OF \$100 are 2,000
500 PRIZES OF \$200 are 100,000

APPROXIMATION PRIZES.
100 Prizes of \$500 are 50,000
100 do. 100 are 10,000
100 do. 200 are 20,000

TERMINAL PRIZES.
999 Prizes of \$100 are 99,900
999 Prizes of \$100 are 99,900

3,144 Prizes amounting to \$1,054,800

NOTE—Tickets drawing Capital Prizes are not entitled